

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke.

VOL. XXII.

MAY, 1914.

No. 12

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.

Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class
mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS FOR NO. 12.

LIFE'S MEANING	137
THE HOUSE OF PRAYER	137
THE STILL HOUR	138
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	139
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL	141
NATURAL HISTORY:—	
THE ENGLISH SPARROW	141
BIOGRAPHY:—	
JOHN HUSS	143
HENRY WARD BEECHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON	145
RIFLES IN THE HANDS OF BOYS	146
HYDROPHOBIA, RABIES, AND THE MUZZLING OF DOGS,	146
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN	147
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE	148
IMPORTANT NOTICES	148

LIFE'S MEANING.

Giver of Life! to Thee we raise
With one accord our song of praise;
Through all our days Thy hand hath been
Guarding from perils known, unseen.

Thou uncaused Thinker of all thought,
In Thee we live, by Thee are brought
To realize infinity,
To know Thy Life, so full, so free.

Giver of joy! Thee we adore,
Upon us Thou art pleased to pour
The oil of gladness; we will sing
The praise of our eternal King.

Life's sweetest music is to be
In perfect harmony with Thee;
Life's greatest good to know Thy will,
And strive it ever to fulfil.

Giver of peace! 'mid raging storm
We hear Thy voice, and in the morn
Of hope, we rise at Duty's call,
Or wait Thy will—whate'er befall.

At eventide we feel Thee near—
Our Light in darkness—without fear
We trust Thee still, and softly cease
Our cry of pain, hushed by Thy peace.

Giver of Love! we see Thy face
In deeds of kindness; we can trace
Thee in all human tenderness,
In lives that comfort, heal and bless.

Life's meaning we begin to prove
When we interpret Love by Love;
Infinite Love! O may we rest
In Thee, forever safe and blest.

—Fred Hall,
in the *Christian Life*.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

May I read you a little story that came my way a while since? It is entitled "The Business Man's Lesson." He was an upright business man. In his heart he believed the religion of Christ to be true. But he was very busy; and, when Sunday came, he was thoroughly tired. He had become interested, too, in his Sunday paper. So he gradually dropped off going to church. His wife went regularly, and sometimes the children. One morning, just after his wife had set out, he was comfortably seated, reading the money article, when he heard his boys talking in the next room. Said eight-year-old Willie, "When you grow up, shall you go to church, as mother does, or stay at home, like father?" "I shall do neither," said the other, decidedly. "When I'm a man, I shall have my horses, and be on the road Sundays, and enjoy myself." The newspaper suddenly lost its attraction. Between it and the father came a picture of his boys associating with loose men, and drifting into a godless, reckless life; and of himself looking on it in his old age as the fruit of his self-indulgence. Five minutes after he was walking rapidly toward the church. When the service was over, his wife, coming down the aisle, saw him waiting at the door. There was questioning, glad surprise in her eyes; but he only remarked that he had taken a walk, and he thought he would join her on the way home. Next Sunday, however, the whole family were in their pew; and all the rest of the day there was a kind of peace about the house that reminded him of his boyhood days in his father's home. And who will say that he was less fitted for another week of business life by this share in the service of God's house instead of "staying at home all day Sunday to rest"?

This republic of ours is entirely dependent

upon the reverence, the intelligence, and the uprightness of its citizens to maintain free institutions and guarantee liberty to individuals. It has laid its hand of statutory obligation upon its people, compelling education and demanding obedience to the laws of the land. It leaves its citizens free, however, to regulate religion and worship as seems to individuals best. All the more imperative, then, the obligation resting on each citizen to see to it that religion and public worship are not neglected; for the republic, be it remembered, cannot endure by the aid of education and morality alone. Without reverence for the law, as well as the understanding of the law made possible by education, together with obedience of law inculcated by conscience,—without these three,—worship, education, and morality,—the republic and all endeavors at popular government must fail. If individuals neglect the duty which they owe the nation to establish and maintain public worship, then must the last resort of the State be compulsory worship as well as compulsory education and morality?

We know what would happen, were the State to attempt compulsory worship. We have the experience of centuries of temporal power exercised by the Catholic Church, the Genevan Theocracy of Calvin, and the Puritan denomination in early New England. All these experiences warn us against such extremities. Of our own free will we must do for the republic what she cannot and dare not do for herself; namely, maintain and encourage public worship, both by our means and our presence at church. No duty is more commanding, no privilege can be greater.

What is the holiest place in America? Plymouth Rock. For it is the symbol of a republic established upon the only foundation that can endure,—reverence, intelligence, conscience, worship, education, morality. Which will remain the longer and become the shrine of a loving people,—the platform whereon Mr. Ingersoll derides the sanctities of religion, wrong in part though some of the expression of that religion may be, or the church of worship wherein Phillips Brooks knelt in prayer, and lifted up his mighty soul in communion with his God? "My house shall be called an house of prayer for all people," the prophet proclaimed. Every great soul since has proclaimed it and lived it in his life.—*Rev. A. W. Littlefield.*

One hour spent in solitude, in struggle with and victory over a single bosom-sin, is worth more, even intellectually, than a year's study.—*Coleridge.*

THE STILL HOUR.

SHORT PRAYERS.

O Thou who wilt bring to light the things of darkness, and make manifest the counsels of the heart, and whose Spirit searcheth all things, help us to renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, and to speak as of sincerity, as of God, and as in the sight of God.

Seal us thine, O Lord, and give us the earnest of thy Spirit in our hearts.

O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, give us grace and peace.

May we judge ourselves, and not be judged; may we keep under our body and bring it into subjection; may we watch, quit us like men, and be strong; and having the spirit of faith, may we believe and therefore speak.

There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light;
There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

By an inward experience we know the reality of the infinite truth and eternal goodness. By an outward experience we know the reality of the things seen and temporal; and our belief about both comes afterward by a process of reasoning.

Our beliefs and opinions rest on reason. But behind belief is the faith of the heart, stronger than all logic, deeper than all meaning, because it is the inspiration of the Almighty himself.

Our belief about God may come from reasoning and reflection; our knowledge of God comes from spiritual experience.

Faith is trust in the highest truth which God reveals; it is living for the best goodness that we have; it is communion with invisible but eternal realities.

The faith of mankind in God, duty and immortality is part of these eternal instincts which the Creator has given to his children as a universal heritage.

The undying faith in human hearts that to-morrow will be better than to-day, the confidence in progress, the faith in the slow but sure evolution of a better world from the present, this makes the chief joy of existence.

It is not what we have, but what we hope to have that gives us the most delight. This lightens toil, consoles in the midst of privation, makes hardship endurable, gives to the poorest laborer a meat to eat which luxury knows nothing of. It is this faith within the soul, this evidence of things not seen, which is the great compensation for most of the ills which flesh is heir to.

—From "*The Evidential Character of Faith*,"
James Freeman Clarke.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Cheerful Letter Committee offers the following books. Address Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.: "Brown Studies," Hepworth; "The Red Republic," Chambers; "Americans in Rome," Leland; "The Two Standards," Barry; "Burning Daylight," London; "Lucile," Meredith; "Life of Sydney Smith"; "Life and Letters of E. L. Godkin"; "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways"; "Letters and Memorials of Charles Kingsley"; "Songs of War and Peace," Foss; "Sharp Eyes," Burroughs.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Mrs. Mattie Frizzell, Frankston, Texas, would like current *Outlook*.

2. Magazines and papers will be appreciated by Mrs. C. D. Smith, Campbell, North Carolina.

3. May I ask for some good reading for myself and afflicted husband, as he has to stay indoors most of the time, and my little

six-year-old girl would like so much to get picture books and post-cards? Mrs. Nannie Biggs, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, R. F. D.

4. I have received some *Everybody* magazines, which I have appreciated very much, no other reading. I would love to receive books and magazines, as I am not able to get out much and get very lonely. Would like, also, to receive the *Cheerful Letter*. Mrs. Georganna Medearis, Buffalo, Kansas, R. F. D.

5. Mrs. Kate Hale, Roxbury, Ohio, a very lonely shut-in, is in need of reading and cheer.

6. Mrs. Ennis Pegram, whose address has been Wilkesboro, North Carolina, has moved to Canton, North Carolina. She would like to thank the friend, whose name she does not know, who has sent her the *Cheerful Letter*, hoping for a continuance of the same at the new address.

7. Miss Esther A. Ford, Winterport, Maine, writes: "I have been called to pass through a great sorrow. My dear mother has gone home. I am left all alone, oh, so sad and lonely. No one can know how I suffer, and, oh, I long so for mother. Will some one send me a little comforting reading? I don't know how to get through the days and nights. My heart is breaking. Oh, I am so lonely."

8. As I am alone part of the time, I would be glad to receive reading matter. I would like good story papers or magazines. I will also share reading with others. Address (Mrs.) Ida M. Wann, Waxahachie, Texas, R. R. No. 4.

9. Mrs. Sarah Benedict, Greene, New York, an elderly woman, very lonely, will be thankful for reading.

10. Mrs. B. F. Walker, Sonoma, California, and her mother, will celebrate their birthdays together on July 25. Mrs. Walker has a lonely life on her ranch. Let us make her birthday bright and happy by cards and books.

11. *Youth's Companion*, 1914, is asked for by Marvin Rogers, Naola, Virginia.

12. It is impossible to write to every one to thank them personally for their help, and when the dear sisters know how very ill I have been since Christmas, they will excuse me, and I hope you may help me by having my heartfelt thanks in the *Cheerful Letter* to one and all. I worked too hard at Christmas

time. The holidays bring to me new enthusiasm for reaching out to others and giving anew of ourselves for deeds of love and kindness. I hope my interest in my work may broaden, and I may have health to carry on my work which I so much enjoy. Your packages came and helped me make our tree a success for our little Sabbath school in a schoolhouse in the country. Mrs. H. O. Blaisdell, St. Albans, Maine.

13. I am writing to ask for some reading matter. Magazines, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Ladies' World*, *Home Companion*, all will be so acceptable. Also reading for my two boys, aged respectively ten and fourteen. I am on an island, far from neighbors. Alone, except my husband and two children. We are very fond of reading. I send my pastor's address (from my old home), Rev. F. L. Crowson, Lloyd, Florida. Do, dear Mrs. Nichols, send some reading matter as soon as you can, and God will bless you for your kindness. My address is, Mrs. J. P. Wirick, Tropic, Florida.

14. I for years have taken the *Cheerful Letter*, but for the last year, owing to moving, have not had a single copy until now, the March number. I read and love the little paper and the work it is doing has my sympathy, and if able financially it would get my aid. However, I write to ask for copies of the *Outlook*, also to state that Miss M. M. Flowers, my husband's sister, of Lenoir, North Carolina, R. 2, is dead, and that she for several years was regularly receiving the *World's Work*, and if it would not be asking too much that the party who was sending it change the address, so my husband would receive the same, G. E. Flowers, Hickory, North Carolina, R. 4, as he often borrowed copies of her, and would be very grateful for the same. I have two nearly grown daughters that would enjoy good pictorial reading, and a son fourteen years old who would enjoy the *Youth's Companion* and scout literature. (Mrs.) G. E. Flowers.

15. I am twelve years old and am very fond of reading. Mamma wrote to the *Cheerful Letter* some time ago, but has not received much reading lately. She is not able to write now. I will be glad for anybody to send me "The Sinking of the Titanic," "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," "The Life of Christ," "Ben Hur." Magazines will be appreciated and post-cards. Also picture books or any pretty pictures for my little sister. Thanking you for the past favors, Birtie L. Turner, Box 10, Dodson, Virginia.

16. Miss Lou Sims, a shut-in cripple living in a lonely country, asks for magazines and novels. Address at Netherland, Overton County, Tennessee.

17. As I haven't had much good reading matter in a long time I would be so glad if the *Cheerful Letter* friends could send me something interesting to read. Almost any kind of good reading would be appreciated, and I will pass it on to others. Would be pleased to get any of Dickens' works except "David Copperfield," and also current or back numbers of *Youth's Companion*, or the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Pearle Hall, Dodson, Virginia, Route 1.

18. "Thaddeus of Warsaw" is asked for by Mrs. Bettie E. Short, Elamsville, Virginia.

19. Mrs. Dollie Gay, Royse, Texas, R. F. D. 1, will be glad to receive "Wide, Wide World," "Ben Hur," or any good reading.

20. *Argosy*, *Munsey*, or *Ladies' Home Journal* will be appreciated by Mrs. Ralph Gile, Nottingham, New Hampshire.

21. "Life of Abraham Lincoln" and "Alice of Old Vincennes" are asked for by Mrs. Fred A. Nelson, Brookside Ranch, Dupuyer, Montana.

22. Mrs. Ella McNamara, Park Rapids, Minnesota, asks for the October and November, 1913, *McClure*.

23. Thornton Hite, Lowesville, Virginia, would be glad to get *St. Nicholas* for August, 1911, and December, 1912.

24. I would be glad of books and magazines for myself and distribution. The little village of Dillwyn, Virginia, where I reside affords a good opportunity for distribution, as we have a large graded school here, besides a good many people are constantly moving in from other States, settling among us. I have been recommended by Rev. and Mrs. W. T. Galloway, of Swepsonville, North Carolina. Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience and thanking you in advance, Miss Laura W. Claiborne, Dillwyn, Virginia.

25. Mr. M. N. Royal, Cottage Grove, Alabama, would like "Commentary on the Whole Bible." Please be sure to write to Mrs. Nichols before sending.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TEACHING CHILDREN TO PRAY.

[A few years ago in the *Congregationalist* a request was printed from a father, asking for help from other parents teaching his children how to pray. A number of answers to this request were printed in the paper. I venture to quote below two of these.]

A FATHER'S RESPONSE.

Noting A Father's Request in a recent issue and your call for prayers used by children, I inclose three such. In each case the original form has not been maintained. I give here the latest revised version. I should like to suggest to parents teaching such prayers to their children that they explain from time to time these general and condensed petitions, defining words and expanding the clauses, so as to make the child thoughtful. The form should be modified at times and new petitions interpolated. From my own experience I think it best to change the prayer when it has been used a few years, and also to encourage *extempore* prayer.

MORNING PRAYER.

Now I wake and see the light;
God has kept me through the night.
To him I lift my voice and pray,
That he will keep me through the day.
Feed and warm each little child;
Guard that none shall be defiled.
Fill all the world with joy and love,
Like heaven, God's own bright world above.

EVENING PRAYER.

Now I thank you, Heavenly Father,
For all this day's love and care.
Keep and care for us, your children,
Is my loving evening prayer.
Please forgive me when I'm naughty;
Help me to be good again.
Bless Papa, Mamma, and Brother,
Bless all those I love. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER FOR OLDER CHILD.

Heavenly Father, again I give thanks for the day's good; again I ask blessings for Father, Mother, and Brother. Help us to be always loving and always to do what is right. Give us health and happiness. Make us generous and brave. Care for all thy children as they have need. May we and they come to be like Jesus, and learn to follow him. Guard the hours of sleep to-night; and make then the new day good.

H. W. B.

This was taught us children by my father more than fifty years ago, and we have always loved it:—

Thou from whom we never part,
Thou whose love is everywhere,
Thou who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

Father, fill our souls with love,
Love unfailing, full and free,
Love no injury can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.

Heavenly Father, through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

B. C. R.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

I have said before, and I say again, that when the average boy, or even the average man, undertakes to exterminate the English sparrows, there is such a resemblance in most of the sparrow family that the tree sparrow, field sparrow, or song sparrow,—I might almost include the white-crowned sparrow,—are just as likely as not to fall a victim to the mania for killing.

Once give a boy or a man the taste for slaughter, and all the savage in him is aroused so that killing becomes a joy.

It is inconceivable that a man of any observation should advise poisoning the English sparrows, or catching them in traps. Such advice, to my mind, is proof positive that he has not spent much time or taken much pains to observe birds, for if he had, he must have seen, as I have seen every winter, several varieties of small birds feeding in a flock together, those he wishes to exterminate with others he wishes to save.

I have no doubt men who are determined to make good their statement will say that I do not know the true sparrow, and that what I call the winter chippie is an English sparrow.

I have found, to my surprise and sorrow, that men who are supposed to be fair-minded will close their eyes when they do not want to see, and shut their ears when they do not want to hear. These birds come close under my windows. Until they are near me I do not always find it easy to tell one kind from another, but when near enough for me to mark their coloring and the stripes, I know what I see.

Pete, the sparrow hawk, who was brought wounded, and we supposed dying, to Pine Ridge and was, as some of our readers will remember, restored to health in Edward's cottage, comes back every winter and lodges in the barn in stormy weather. We have never seen him attempt to injure a sparrow or other bird, yet whenever he appears there is a panic among the birds and they fly away in a cloud. We see Pete come and settle down on a tree near the bird table, and then we notice a great rush of wings. In a moment all the birds have disappeared, excepting Pete, who sits serenely on a little limb of a tree near the window, turning his head as if it were swung on a pivot, and sometimes preening himself, spreading out his handsome tail feathers, stretching his wings, but not making any attempt to follow after the frightened flock of sparrows, juncos, and chickadees. Even the blue jays and the crows seem to avoid Pete, and yet in the three years he has been coming and going, he has never been seen to catch one bird. I have seen him catch a mouse, darting from his perch in the hen-yard like a stroke of lightning upon his victim, but though we have watched him carefully, in the barn and outside on the trees, we have not been able to discover why the birds fly in such a panic at his approach.

Sometimes I think this bird is not our old Pete but a strange hawk that has come around the barn, yet the lack of fear he shows by sleeping in the barn and coming up to the bungalow for a daily visit has led us to believe it is the Pete we all became attached to while he was with us.

But, some one may say, you are feeding these birds that attack and kill the smaller birds. We cannot very well help it. When we spread our table for the birds we love, and the hungry blue jays come with the more welcome visitors, we cannot drive them away. The crows watch their chance, too, and steal through the branches of the ever-green trees and drop silently, or sometimes with a subdued "caw" down on the snow, picking up the crumbs that fall from the table or, when our bold Jim Crow is the leader, they alight on the table, and seizing the largest crusts they can find, fly away to the woods across the field, where

"The hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamor their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the raven's cry, and
said
'Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread.'"

We have window shelves put up outside

the kitchen window, my bedroom, and one of the living room windows. The chickadees choose the kitchen windows, and it is quite a common occurrence to see them flying backward and forward from a tree near the window to the shelf, standing close to the panes of glass and looking at us with their little bright eyes. This morning we had suet, and bread and cracker crumbs for them, and besides the chickadees, a junco and one or two of the winter chippies or the "tree sparrow" came to this shelf repeatedly.

I should think without exaggeration there are, while I am writing, a hundred birds flying around the bungalow, some lighting on the window shelves, some on the bird table, some running about on the ground under the trees, all busily engaged in picking up the food put out for them.

Sometimes there is a sudden panic and the air is full of birds for a moment, then they settle down on the trees a little distance off and watch for a chance to come back.

I cannot understand what those men who are trying to get rid of the English sparrows mean when they say that they drive other birds away. Sometimes I think they are reasoning from prejudice. I never saw so many tree sparrows in our flock of visitors as there are this winter, and they come along in the same flock with the English sparrows up to the bungalow. They come together, eat together, and disappear together. I have never seen an English sparrow drive a tree sparrow or junco away, but I have noticed this morning, and often before, the cocky little chestnut headed winter chippie driving away every bird that comes near him, darting at them with open bill and spread wings.

So we feed all that come to us, in these days of cold and snow and icy rainstorms, even as the Merciful Ruler of the Universe sends His rain and His sunshine down on saint and sinner alike.—A. H. S.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To-whit! to-whit! to-wheel!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To whit! to-whit! to-wheel!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "Oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! baa!" said the sheep; "Oh, no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! caw!" cried the crow;
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest, to-day?"

"Cluck! cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again.
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together;
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It's very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame
He didn't like to tell his name.

—*Lydia Maria Child.*

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN HUSS.

"How happy is he born or taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill."

During the last few days the subject of universal talk and agitation in Bohemia has been the attempt of the clerical party of Prague to stifle the name and honor of Huss, the reformer before Luther, and a figure in the history of religion that will always take its place with Luther and Wickliffe.

Huss was born in 1369. His parents were well-to-do peasants. He was apt at learning, and in 1403 was the rector of Prague. He was an earnest and independent student of the Bible and of the theological and philosophical works of Wickliffe. As a student of the pure pages of the Scripture, he soon became shocked at the profane lives of the clergy. He lifted up his voice also against the assumptions of the Church of Rome. He paid the penalty by being publicly burnt on July 6, 1415. His memory has been held in reverence ever since that day.

We are told that it was a copy of a manuscript from England that set John Huss to reading the Bible and thinking better religious thoughts than he had previously learned. Huss was a Bohemian. The sister of the King of Bohemia, being married to Richard II., was the cause of a Bohemian nobleman, while staying in this country, purchasing a work of Wickliffe's. He took this home. Huss held the distinguished position of Confessor to the Queen of Bohemia. The manuscript was lent to Huss. He was interested with its contents, and adopted many of Wickliffe's views. From this time he opposed himself to the immense power of the Pope.

The Archbishop of Prague was highly incensed that the writings of Wickliffe were the source of this mischief, and had a copy committed publicly to the flames, and prohibited Huss from preaching. Now the battle was fairly begun.

In the year 1410 Huss was solemnly expelled and excommunicated from the Church of Rome. He had a number of followers in Prague. The King of Bohemia had him banished from that city to his native place, Hussinecz. He continued to expose the Church of Rome with a fortitude and zeal which won him much applause. Many admired the brave spirit that feared not the Pope, the princes, or the Church.

In 1414 he was summoned to the General Council at Constance, to answer serious charges of heresy. The Emperor of Germany, Sigismund, gave him a safe pass for his journey to Constance and his return to his home. He obeyed the order of the Council. But he was never allowed to return to his home. He was betrayed. The Emperor's pass was ignored.

This betrayal and cruel death was considered by his countrymen as a very dishonorable and wicked thing. It was, in the first place, a notorious breach of faith of the Emperor himself, who had given him a safe-conduct, which was his pledge that he should return to his home.

At his trial he was most unkindly treated. When he spoke for himself, noise and tumult, disorder and clamor, filled the court. He said: "I hoped to have found different treatment. In such a council as this I expected propriety, order, and piety." The Emperor was the president the second day, and tried to secure Huss a hearing. A little more order was kept. There were nearly fifty counts in the indictment. We name a few: (1) There was no need of a visible head of the Church; (2) that the Church was better governed in apostolic times without a pope; (3) that the title, "His Holiness," was improper to be given to any man; (4) that a wicked pope could not be the representative or vicar of Christ; (5) that liberty of conscience was every man's natural right; (6) that ecclesiastical censures such as touched the life of a man had no foundation in Scripture; (7) that he was opposed to the assumption of the priesthood; (8) that the priests ought to preach to the people and instruct them, and were bound to do so as much as the man of wealth was bound to give alms.

We find that on his trial the great offence above others was his respect for the writings and position of Wickliffe. He had said he wished his soul might go to the same place

as the soul of Wickliffe. This charge caused great merriment in the court, for the priests and princes seemed to know very well what a bad place Wickliffe had gone to.

The Emperor said to him, "Depend upon it, if you continue obstinate, I will make a fire with my own hands to burn you, rather than you shall escape." Such language, no doubt, led the way for the courtiers to insult Huss. He spoke in his trial against the slothful and wicked lives of the priests, so they were mad against him. They begged him to renounce openly his heresies. He said he held no heresies, and that he was determined to subscribe nothing against his conscience.

The trial ended. A month longer was given him in a cold and loathsome dungeon to repent. He was suffering during his trial and all the time he was in prison from a very painful disease, and was scarcely able to walk back to his dungeon.

The Emperor now felt what a serious crisis was at hand. He had promised this priest a safe-conduct home to his own people in Bohemia; now he was on the verge of putting him to death. He tried every means in his power to get him to recant. Huss remained firm. Bishops, cardinals, and princes went to his prison, and tried all their arts. But all in vain.

The month he was to be in prison to repent his opposition to the Church of Rome was spent chiefly in writing letters to his friends.

This was probably the last: "My dear friends, let me take this last opportunity of exhorting you to trust in nothing base, but to give yourselves up entirely to the service of God. Well am I authorized to warn you not to trust in princes, nor in any child of man, for there is no help in them. God only remaineth steadfast. What He promiseth He will undoubtedly perform. For myself, on His gracious promise I rest. Having endeavored to be His faithful servant, I fear not being deserted by Him. 'Where I am,' says the gracious Promiser, 'there shall my servant be.' May the God of heaven preserve you! This is probably the last letter I shall be enabled to write. I have reason to believe I shall be called upon to-morrow to answer with my life. The Emperor hath in all things acted deceitfully. I pray, God forgive him. You hath heard in what severe language he hath spoken of me."

He was taken to a church service. A most unfeeling sermon was preached on "cutting off this man of sin." In the middle of the church a scaffold was erected, on which he was to stand in the priest's vestments, when they hoped he would still recant. He told

them his mind was made up. He had no errors to retract of which he knew. He then came down from the church scaffold, and had all the garments of the priest taken off by seven bishops, each one uttering a curse as he took off each article. A large paper cap was placed on his head, on which horned devils were painted, and the words, "Hereby we commend his soul to the devil." He was hurried to the place of execution. His sentence was read. It ran thus: "That John Huss, being a disciple of Wickliffe, of damnable memory, whose life he defended, is cut off from the Church," etc.

His books were put on a pile and burnt before his eyes. Huss smiled at this folly and indignity. He was then allowed a few minutes of prayer, then tied to the stake with wet cords, and fastened round the body with a chain. The Duke of Bavaria at this moment rode up, and for the last time asked him to retract his errors. He replied: "I have no errors to retract. I endeavored to preach Christ with apostolic plainness, and I am now prepared to seal my doctrine with my blood." The fagots were then lighted, and he commended his soul to God. His ashes were gathered up and thrown into the Rhine. So perished the first great Protestant Reformer, who lifted up his voice for human freedom, for Christian simplicity, and for greater purity and practical goodness among the clergy of his day.—*Christian Life and Unitarian Herald*, Dec. 7, 1889.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

MY DEAR HERBERY,—You are now for the first time really launched into life for yourself. You go from your father's house, and from all family connections, to make your own way in the world. It is a good time to make a new start, to cast out faults of whose evil you have had an experience, and to take on habits the want of which you have found to be so damaging.

1. You must not go into debt. Avoid debts as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt—cash or nothing.

2. Make few promises. Religiously observe even the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promise cannot afford to make many.

3. Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guesswork. Either nothing or accurate truth.

4. When working for others, sink yourself out of sight; seek their interest. Make

yourself necessary to those who employ you by industry, fidelity, and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

5. Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody else expects of you. Keep your personal standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else.

6. Concentrate your force on your own proper business. Do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

7. The art of making one's fortune is to spend nothing. In this country any intelligent and industrious young man may become rich if he stops all leaks and is not in a hurry. Do not make haste; be patient.

8. Do not speculate or gamble. You go to a land where everybody is excited and strives to make money, suddenly, largely, and without working for it. They blow soap bubbles. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and the safest way. Greediness and haste are two devils that destroy thousands every year.

9. In regard to Mr. B ——. He is receiving you as a favor to me. Do not let him regret it.

10. I beseech you to correct one fault—severe speech of others. Never speak evil of any man, no matter what the facts may be. Hasty fault-finding and a severe speech of absent people is not honorable, is apt to be unjust and cruel, makes enemies to yourself, and is wicked.

11. If by integrity, industry, and well-earned success, you deserve well of your fellow-citizens, they may, in years to come, ask you to accept honors. Do not seek them, do not receive them while you are young—wait; but when you are established you may make your father's name known with honor in Halls of Legislation. Lastly, do not forget father's and mother's God. Because you will be largely deprived of Church privileges, you need all the nerve to keep your heart before God. But do not despise small churches and humble preachers. "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate."

12. Read often the Proverbs, the precepts and duties enjoined in the New Testament. May your father's God go with you and protect you.—*From the Christian Life*.

Little matter if our progress is slow; a great matter if we are moving in the right direction.—*Charles Gordon Ames*.

RIFLES IN THE HANDS OF BOYS.

We find the following in the Boston *Herald* of October 6, in a special dispatch from Fall River:—

Walter Starkey, aged sixteen, is locked up at police headquarters to-night charged with manslaughter, and will be arraigned Monday morning on that charge.

The victim and prisoner, with two younger boys, had been shooting in the woods during the afternoon. Taking a rest by the roadside before starting the homeward journey, Walkden asked Starkey if he would be a target for him. Starkey refused, and then made the same request of Walkden. "Go ahead," replied Walkden, "but the gun is loaded."

Evidently thinking that Walkden was fooling about the condition of the gun, Starkey pointed at Walkden's heart and pulled the trigger. Walkden rolled off the bank, shot through the heart. People living in the farm-houses near by went to the scene and notified the police, which resulted in Starkey's arrest.

This is the second case of its kind within a few days, and the two will be called in court Monday.

If all the boys in the public schools of the United States are to be taught to use army rifles, then of course it will be thought desirable for all the boys in British America, on one side of us, and Mexico on the other, to have similar teachings, and then for the same reasons it may be thought that all the schoolboys of the whole world should be equally fitted to kill each other whenever politicians see fit to get up a war.—*Geo. T. Angell.*

HYDROPHOBIA, RABIES, AND THE MUZZLING OF DOGS.

We have received some very painful letters on the above subjects, to which we can only answer that we have been doing all we can for the protection of dogs, and wish we could do a great deal more. During the past more than thirty years we have been called many times to the State House to oppose their muzzling, and have never failed in a single instance to convince the committee that there was no need of muzzling. We have at different times had various cases of alleged rabies investigated by our officers, without finding in a single instance evidence to warrant a belief in its existence. Dr. Charles W. Dulles of Philadelphia, professor in the Pennsylvania University and an emi-

nent physician, was appointed by the Pennsylvania Medical Society many years ago to investigate the subject, and has ever since given more attention to it, perhaps, than any other man either in Europe or America, and is convinced that cases are so extremely rare as to make it doubtful whether it is anything more than a disease of the imagination. In all the great collections of dogs in this country and Europe, we think not a single instance can be found where any animal or human being in charge of these animals has had the disease. In Constantinople, where thousands of poor vagrant dogs wander in the streets, there was never an instance known. But since this Pasteur business has become so prominent, the reported malady seems to have terribly increased. Very soon after Pasteur's alleged discovery, the cases, we understand, became quite numerous in France, while in Germany, just across the Rhine, they were almost unheard of. We have no doubt that dogs, like human beings and horses, may be liable to epidemics, but whether those epidemics have anything to do with rabies is another question. Dr. Dulles thinks all these Pasteur institutes are of no use, except to put money into the pockets of the doctors who are connected with them. Of course we are not competent to decide this matter, but we are strongly of the opinion that if Pasteur had never lived and performed his numerous experiments on living animals, there would be no more need now of muzzling dogs in America than there was in the hundred years before this vivisector was ever heard of.—*Geo. T. Angell.*

When earth's last picture is painted, and
the tubes are twisted and dried,
And the oldest colors have faded, and the
youngest critic has died,
We shall rest—and, faith, we shall need it,—
lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall
set us to work anew!
And only the Master shall teach us, and
only the Master shall blame:
And no one shall work for money, and no
one shall work for fame:
But each for the joy of working, and each,
in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the
God of Things as They Are.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

What constitutes Washington's extraordinary hold on the regard of mankind? He seems to have been peculiarly the kind

of man who had to be good in order to be great. If he had not been good the world would never have heard of him. Other men of his time had more brilliant qualities. But he was great by virtue of his disinterestedness, his devotion, his sense of justice, his benevolence, the utter abandon with which he gave himself and all that he possessed to what seemed to him a commanding duty.—
Charles F. Dole.

To worry about what one can help, or about what one cannot help, is neither wise nor right.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

CHANGED INITIALS.

Example: Change to move off to a connoisseur. *Answer.* Budge—Judge.

1. Change a bundle of goods to a low place between two hills.
2. Change indisposed to a measure of cloth.
3. Change a public building to a name.
4. Change anger to the native form of a metal.
5. Change a fabric of fine thread to a contest in running.
6. Change frozen fluid to an atom.
7. Change an inflamed swelling to labor.
8. Change a short Latin word to a pronoun.
9. Change to pronounce to a water animal.
10. Change a mound to a little width.
11. Change a leguminous plant to secretary to a college faculty.
12. Change peculiar to increase.
13. Change to endure to a period of time.

When the changes have been rightly made, and the words written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a May holiday.

II.

HALF SQUARE.

1. A general in the American Revolution.
2. A girl's nickname.
3. A preposition.
4. A consonant.

III.

FAMOUS MEN.

1. —O—N —A—I— L—N—.
2. H—N—Y C—B— —O—G—.
3. E—E—E—E— R—C—W—O—
H—A—.
4. D—N—E— —E—S—E—.
5. J—N— —D—C—T—.

IV.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In rowen, but not in hay.
In double, but not in single.
In salt, but not in pepper.
In second, but not in first.
In epoch, but not in day.
In lantern, but not in darkness.
In lute, but not in drum.

My whole gives the names of two governors of Massachusetts.

V.

CONCEALED PROVERBS.

In each of the following sentences a word is concealed. When the words are guessed and read in the order here given, they will form a well-known proverb.

1. Did you buy a new hat yesterday?
2. No, I bought one Wednesday afternoon.
3. Have you seen the boys' new club room?
4. Charles weeps if I mention it to him.
5. When do your uncle and aunt arrive?

—Selected.

Answers to puzzles in the April number.

I. BEHEADMENTS AND CURTAILMENTS.—

1. Caper. 2. Blade. 3. Paten. 4. Larch.
5. Abide. 6. Probe. 7. Cater. 8. Basso.
9. Codex. 10. Board. 11. Payee. Patriots' Day.

II. DICKENS CHARACTERS.—1. Barnaby Rudge. 2. Bleak House. 3. Dombey and Son. 4. Bleak House. 5. Martin Chuzzlewit. 6. Great Expectations.

III. FLORAL COLLOQUY.—Four-o'clock, Wake-robin, Tulips, Morning-glory, Aster, Maple, Fir, Lettuce, Caraway, Cowslip, Primrose, Sweet Basil, Sweet William, Jill-over-the-ground, Rush, Heart's-ease, Brake, Sloe, Sage, Elder, Daisy, Roses, Snowdrop, London Pride, Rue, Lady's Delight, Blite, Cypress, Mourning Bride, Bachelor's Button, Reed, Thyme, Honesty, Black-eyed Susan, Anise, Sweet Peas, Carrot, Skullcap, Maiden-hair, Butter and Eggs.

IV. HEROES AND HEROINES.—1. The Rivals. 2. Bride of Lammermoor. 3. Pilgrim's Progress. 4. Lorna Doone. 5. The Light that Failed. 6. Little Women.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "THE CHAIRMAN, MRS. GEORGE G. SAVILLE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* will be held Friday, May 8, at 10.30 A.M. at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The *Cheerful Letter Exchange* offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 48 Irving Street, Cambridge, Mass.

The Home Study Work of the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* offers to help those who wish to improve their education. Lessons will be given in all subjects which can be taught by correspondence, such as Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, all branches of English, History, Botany, Geography, Languages, Drawing, etc.

Requests for these lessons should be sent to Mrs. Annie F. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, is at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Wednesday afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 P.M.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The *Cheerful Letter Exchange*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of *Cheerful Letter Exchange*, Mrs. George G. Saville, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Editor of "The *Cheerful Letter*," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.